



Captain Wattle,

A NEW SONG.

57

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DID you not hear of Captain Wattle,
 He was all for love and a little for the bottle;
 We know not, though pains we have taken to enquire,
 If gunpowder he invented or the Thames set on fire;
 If to him was the centre of gravity known,
 And longitude, or the philosopher's stone,
 Or whether he studied from Bacon or Boyle,
 Or Copernicus, Locke, Katterfelto, or Hoyle.

CHORUS.

*But this we have learnt with great labor and pain,
 That he lov'd Miss Roe, and she lov'd him again.*

Than sweet Miss Roe none ever look'd fiercer,
 She had but one eye, but that was a piercer,
 We know not for certainty her education,
 If she wrote, mended stockings, or settled the nation,
 At cards if she lik'd wast and swabbers, or vales,
 Or at dinner lov'd pig, or steak on the coals,
 Whether most of the Supper she was, or Thalestris,
 Or if dancing was taught her by Hopkins and Vestris.

CHORUS.

*But for your satisfaction this good news we obtain,
 That she lov'd Captain Wattle, and he lov'd her again.*

When wedded he became lord and master, depend on't,
 He had but one leg and a foot at the end on't,
 Which of government when she would fain hold the
 bridle,
 He took special caution she never should be idle,
 So like most married folks it was my plague and my
 chicken,
 And sometimes a kissing and sometimes a kicking,
 Then for comfort a cordial she'd now and then try,
 Alternately binging or piping her eye,

CHORUS.

*And these facts of this couple the history contain,
 For when he kick'd Miss Roe, she kick'd him again.*

